

PR 83/216

Bawdy of the RAAF of

Dr. Donald Laycock

World War 1939-45

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RAAF SONGS: 'The Drunk's Album'.

Acquired by original possessor in Cairns, Milne Bay, or Goodenough Island in 1943. Possessor served as an electrical fitter in 75 Squadron, and believes that the collection was done on the mainland of New Guinea in late 1942 or early 1943.

Donated by Dr. Donald C. Laycock, Department of Linguistics, Research School of Pacific Studies, The Australian National University, Canberra, in June 1983.

THE MORESBY SONG

Now listen to me here's a tale we can tell
Of a tropical cruise to the Moresby Hotel
In the Land of the Boongs where there's nothing to do
But the party was spoilt 'cause the Japs came there too.

It was beat up these b ds or else we were sunk
'Cause the Japs have a mind like a second rate skunk
It was goodbye to us if Port Moresby should fall
It was goodbye to women and drinking and all
'King and all, 'King and all.

So we grabbed some P.40's and went to the fight
But soon found the Japs had a nice little kite
It' bright shining silver and Zero by name
But a bloody good show as it comes down in flames
Down in flames etc.....

Now the bombs dropped round us as we joined in the fray
And we saw quite a lot of the Japs evry day
But he soon turned for home when he found what it means
To annoy a poor bloke whose been fed on tinned beans
On tinned beans etc.....

Now the newspapers tell of the Squadron's success
And Nippon has now many aeroplanes less
But the newspapers don't tell how the hell it was done
Without our replacements at seven to one
Yes to one etc.....

And then we went home for a beer and a rest
And we stood in the pubs where the drink was the best
But now we're up North just to pay off some debts
And to make bloody sure that the Rising Sun sets
That it sets etc

I AINT GONNA GRIEVE.

On one dark night about twelve o'clock
This old world's going to reel and rock
On one dark night at twelve o'clock
This old world 's going to reel and rock

I aint gonna grieve my Lord no more
I aint gonna grieve my Lord no more.

On one dark night and it won't be long
You'll look for me but I'll be gone.

The Deacon went down to the altar to pray
He found some beer so he stayed all day,
The Debbil an got a hypocrite shoe
If you don't watch out he'll slip it on you,
I want to go to heaven, and I want to go right
I want to go to heaven all dressed in white.
You can't go to heaven in a rocking chair
If you want to go to heaven you must say a prayer
You can't go to heaven on roller skates
You'll roll right past them pearly gates.
You can't go to heaven in a Ford Coupe.
You can't go to heaven on a pair of skis
You'll ski between St. Peter's knees.
You can't go to heaven in a Spit V.B.
You've got to go to heaven in a P.40E.
If you get to heaven before I do
Just bore a hole and pull me through.

THE DRUNK'S ALBUM.

"HARDSHIPS" ON CATS.

We fight the war from Hide's Hotel, then take off for the jaws of hell
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are.
We fly for twenty hours or more, our beards grow long and our ar...oles
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are. (sore
The rotten bloody river is as narrow as a road
The wind is always cross it and the tide is always low
We turn the Cat Boat cross the wind
And hope to God we haven't sinned. Hardships you b.....s etc.

She sticks her nose up in the air
And cracks her wing tip on a flare; Hardships you b.....s etc,
The flare goes out, the bloody mark
So you bore it up her in the dark; Hardships you b.....s etc
You get the b.....d on the step and try to hold her straight
The bloody second Pilot shoves the throttles through the gate
The Engineer forgets the floats, and we swerve like hell to miss the boats
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are.

She bounces twice and comes unstuck
So now we're flying, Hooray F..k; Hardships you b.....s etc.
The mountain looms up right in front
And we swing away to miss the c..t; Hardships you b.....s etc.
We keep the b.....d turning till we're heading out to sea
The Navigator goes down aft to have a nervous pea
The WAG relaxes in his chair but his eyes still have that glassy stare.
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are.

Now we're on a raid across the foam
Our only thoughts are to get back home; Hardships you b.....s etc.
The clouds came up, great towering Cu
And all we can do is bust right thru; Hardships you b.....s etc.
The target looms up thru the night, we make our bloody run
The B.....s let us have it with a six inch ack-ack gun
The game is hard, it sure does stink
When all the bombs drop in the drink,
Hardships you b.....s you don't know what hardships are.

We turn her round and head for home
While overhead the Zeros roam; Hardships etc.
Now that we are in the clear
We think of home and pots of beer; Hardships etc.
We're almost home we've only got a hundred miles to go
The Engineer calls up and says the petrol's got in low
We throttle back and start to pray
Then Catms looms up across the way
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are.

At last we get her down all right
After flying all the night; Hardships etc
We f..k around and moor her up
Then go ashore in a Chapman Pup; Hardships you b.....s etc.
We go up to the I.O.'s room and spin a bloody tale
Then off to Hide's Hotel to sink a f.....g pint of ale
Our ears are sore, and our eyes are red
Complotely f....ed we go to bed
Hardships you b.....s, you don't know what hardships are.

"HUMOURSQUE"

Passengers will please refrain from using the toilet while the train
Is standing at the station ----- I love you.
Tramps and hoboes underneath will get it in their eyes and teeth and
They don't like it Darling, nor would you
Please call the porter while making water in the vestibule
We encourage constipation while the train is at the station
Circus horses do it, so can you.

OPENING NUMBER BY ENTIRE CHORUS.

QUEEN OF ALL THE FAIRIES (REPASZ BAND MARCH)

Doesn't she hum? Tight as a drum. Queen of all the fairies
Aint it a pity she's only one tittle to feed the baby on
Poor little bugger, he'll never play rugger he isn't sufficiently strong
When he grows older and bigger and bolder he'll take himself in hand
The reason why, the reason why, he doesn't understand
And so we took him to the Admiralty and tried him out on land and sea
We tried and tried without success and pulled him out of mess after mess
And so we made him a member of Air Board.

AND IN ADDITION

Weak and untutored he'll always be rooted he'll never take a trick
At the Vic Barracks, he only drinks Tarax for beer just makes him sick
Attending each meeting of Air Board repeating the things he's told to say
But just the same you'll see his name as Chief of Staff some day
Because he's just the type that gets along
He doesn't know a thing so can't go wrong
So when there isn't a plane to fly No Kittyhawk or a PBY
Remember they made him a member of Air Board.

HARDSHIPS YOU B-----S.

Off to Milne Bay we did go to meet those c---s from Tokio
Hardships etc
400 miles of bloody drink and how our underpants did stink
Hardships etc
Our dials and clocks were shaky and our engines running rough
But when we saw that friendly shore it didn't seem so tough
Then to finish off the trip the aerodrome was a boggy strip
Hardships etc

Finally we landed there. Our attitude was debonair. Hardships etc
The teeing up it had been nix thanks to Squadron 76 Hardships etc
We had to put up tents and flys and build dispersal bays
We ate Camp Pie and bully beef for days and days
Our ground troops they had not arrived
The sea trip p'raps they'd not survived. Hardships etc.

~~XXXXXX~~ Then one day the Zeros came to show the boys how they could aim
Hardships etc
They strafed us up, they strafed us down,
They looped, they stalled and rolled around. Hardships etc
They burnt our kite upon the deck and made the ground crew run
In fact the whole damn show for us was not much fun
76 at last got there, Shot one poor c---t from the air. Hardships etc.

Mosquitoes grabbed you by the hair. Lifted you from out your chair
Hardships etc.
Two foot 6 from wing to wing and each one had a point 5 sting
Hardships etc.
They'd strafe and dive-bomb ev'ry bloke when they were on the go
Ignore your light and heavy flak, a really rotten show
The nets they used had no effect gainst squadron, wing or mass attack
Hardships etc.

HARDSHIPS FOR GENTLEMEN

You must reach out to press the bell when you live at Hides' Hotel. H's etc
The dishes on the menu are ranged from sweets to caviare. Hardships etc.
They make you pay a special rate so you won't lose your dough
And when the 13 gallon's off they bring a doz or so
But in the lap of luxury at O'Hara's soon we'll be. Hardships etc.

THE REAL HARDSHIPS.

I have to count the bloody cash while the raindrops round me splash. H's etc
They all crowd in behind the bar, God knows where the tickets are. H's etc
Equipment, cash and stores and winges every day
They're crying for allowances they know I cannot pay
The Barracks job at me they've chucked
Wet bed, no teeth, By Christ I'm f----d.

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE.

She was sweet sixteen, Little Angeline, pure and innocent was Angeline
Never had a thrill and a virgin still. Poor Little Angeline.
Now the village Squire had a low desire, he was the dirtiest b..d in the
And he'd set his heart on the vital part of P..L..A.. (Shire
At the village fair, the Squire was there, masturbating in the public
When he chanced to see the dainty knee of P..L..A.. (square
She had raised her skirt, to avoid the dirt, as she tripped between the
puddles of the Squire's last squirt.
And his knob grew raw at the sight he saw; Poor Little Angeline.
So he raised his hat and he said your cat, has been run over and is
squashed quite flat
Now my car's in the Square and I'll take you there; Poor Little Angeline.
Now the dirty turd should have got the bird, instead she followed him
without a word.
As they drove away you could hear the people say ; P..L..A..
They hadn't gone far when he stopped the car, took her over to the
nearest bar
Where he filled her with gin, to tempt her to sin; Poor Little Angeline.
When he'd oiled her well he took her to a dell where he proceeded to
give her bloody f...ng Hell
And try his luck at a lay-down-----; Poor Little Angeline.
With a cry of rape he raised her cape, P..L..A.. had no escape
Now it's time someone came to save the name of Poor Little Angeline
The tale is told that the blacksmith bold, had loved little Angeline for
years untold
He was handsome too, and had promised to be true, to Poor Little Angeline
Sad to say, that very same day, the blacksmith was put into jail to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance; With Poor Little Angeline
The blacksmith's cell overlooked the dell, where the Squire was giving
her bloody f.....g hell
As she lay on the grass, he recognised the, Of Poor Little Angeline
So he gave a start and a tremendous, that blew the prison walls
far apart
And he ran like shit, lest the Squire should...., Poor Little Angeline
When he got to the spot, and he saw her, he tied the villain's penis
in a knot
As he squirmed on his guts, he got ki..d in the nuts, By P..L..A..
"Blacksmith I Love you, Indeed I do, I see by your trousers that
you love me too
Here I am undressed, so come and do your best"; Said P..L..A..
It won't take long to finish this song, the blacksmith's john was two
feet long
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm; Happy Little Angeline.

IT'S HAD IT (Asleep in the Deep)

Breasting each wave with no thought of Dave, the enemy convoy sails
Sneaking along with murd'rous throng, probably out of jails
While ever nearer the Cat Boys stray,
The "Lordy-Box" giving the show away
The convoy's near so give a cheer,
This is the start of a JAPPY NEW YEAR.

Chorus

Here comes young DAVEY intent on a blitz
While in the transport they're getting the s...s
Nippon beware.....George is up there!
Danger is near thee, Beware.....Beware... Beware....Take Care
Honourable Japs have a touch of the craze; so beware.....Beware
Drown in your bath, and her's your epitaph
"IT'S HAD IT. YOU S...T"

S...T HOUSE BLUES'

Oh please don't burn our shit-house down, Mother has promised to pay
Father is on the dole again, and Kate's in the family way
George, poor dear, has gone astray, and things is mighty hard,
So PLEASE don't burn our shit-house down, Or we'll have to shit in the
yard.

THE KIT KAT STYLE

(Elmer's Tune)

What is this feeling revealing contentment complete?
 What makes our leisure a pleasure whenever we meet?
 Let Mr. Bacchus attack us with alcohol neat, IT'S THE KIT KAT STYLE
 What is this purring recurring and filling the air?
 The Seventy-fivers survivors are out on the tear,
 Each cat and kitten is smitten but what do we care? IT'S THE K-K-STYLE
 Oh listen listen, what a lot the other crowds are missin',
 Sing it, Swing it, Lap up your milk and make your tonsils like silk,
 And pump your bellows you fellows, get set on your mark,
 You know the night time is the right time, Cats see in the dark,
 Let's sing a "V" song, a glee song, Old TOJO to mark; For that's the K-K Style.
 We've got the Pres-o and Les-o, 'most everyone's here
 We've got Nat Gould and Matt Doolan to check up the beer,
 Let's hope the Terror in error won't bomb us, my dear; For that's the K-K-Style
 In brilliant fettle is Bethell, without him we're sunk,
 We're like a twig that been frigg'd and just lopped off the trunk
 In D.D.O's I suppose he's tonights ~~XXXX~~ Duty Drunk; For that's the K-K-Style
 Doc's Baker and Deakin, while I'm speakin'
 A partnership with Dan Magrew are seekin'
 I surmise it, they'll advertise it:
 "Break your leg in the sky, we'll set it up while you fly",
 And old Lex Winten is tintin' from evening till dawn
 His black moustaches with splashes, he's posted, forlorn,
 So test your muscle and tussle with John Barleycorn
FOR THAT'S THE KIT KAT STYLE.

THE "HUGHIE" SONG (Frankie and Johnie)

Seventy Six had Kittys, Lordy how they could fly,
 When they met up with Zeros, they cried to their Lord on high;
 Oh, send her down Hughie, Send her down,
 They used to get up in the morning, about quarter to four
 Down to the end of the runway, to pour on the old full bore
 Oh send her down.....
 We musten't be caught on the ground boys, it happened in old Singapore
 If you're caught with your wheels and your flaps down
 It'll never happen no more. Oh send her down.....
 Mary's house calling hydraulic "Forty plus Collingwood Bay"
 Oh, the wheeling was fast and was furious,
 And what did the Boys all say: Oh send her down.....
 Hydraulic back to Controller, "What are their angles and course?"
 "Wait till we signal Air Board, they'll relay it back by Morse"
 Oh send her down....
 Seventy five was top cover, just like a Hendon Display
 Nary a weaver behind them, nary a weaver to say; Oh send her down...
 Franky sat back in his Shite Hawk, ready to join in the fray
 When up his back came a Zero, Lordy how he did pray; Oh send her down
 Bardy was jumped by a Zero, he broke in the Spitfire style
 For a while he juggles with Lordy, but Hughie came good with a smile,
 Oh send her down.....
 Rotten C. to Ash picks a trainer, shot it from out of the air
 Nary a squirt at a Zero, Oh, killers never care; Oh send her down.....
 "Blue" is an ace in an aircraft, he's as brave as a lion they tell
 Just show him a little black beetle, and listen to him yell. Oh send her down...
 Five Kittys scrambled to orbit, stayed above ten tenths awhile
 Maxie's finger was jammed good and proper, and they landed on Goodenough Isl e
 Oh send her down....
 Maxie sat back in the long grass, up came a police boy to say
 "You like a woman to sleep with, one stick of tobacco you pay"
 Oh send her down....
 Tom James came down to the runway, dressed in his full flying kit
 He'd even got rid of his jungle knife, just to show he wasn't a s..t
 Oh send her down.....

THE HUGHIE SONG (Continued)

Ivan came in for a landing, held off a little too high
With a blurr, blurr, blurr on his motor he prayed to the Lord on high
Oh ease her down, Hughie ease her down.
The hair on the face of the camel, is just a red English rose
Compared to the dark brown fungus underneath Stan Sullivan's nose;
Oh, send her down.....
We reckon that Paddy should diet, his stomach won't hold any more
Just take a look at his figure, it's built like a B.24;
Oh, send her down, Hughie send her down.

THE CAT BOATS ARE FLYING TONIGHT. (The Man On The Flying Trapeze)

They fly through the sky with a nonchalant air
With the Zeros they play like the tortoise and hare
And the word gets around for the Japs to beware
For the CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
They hang on the bomb racks a dozen or more
And twenty pound frags simply litter the floor
So start up the dones and we're off to the war
For the CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
With many a sigh for our warm little cots
We thread our way out through the steamers and yachts
And take to the air at a full sixty knots
For the CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
After choofing along for an hour or two
The skipper looks back at his trustworthy crew
The Observers asleep and the Engineer too
The CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
Comes a break in the clouds and a light down below
The Skipper has had it, so yells "Let 'em go"
And mixed bombs and beer bottles rain on the foe
The CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
They head her for home and the skipper retires
To dream of the headlines next day, that the fires
were visible ninety miles distant - the liars;
The CAT BOATS are flying tonight.
The clouds are closed in onto Cairns like a vice
The Wireless Op. twiddles his dials once or twice
I can't get a bearing, the set's on the ice
The Cat Boats HAVE HAD it tonight.
The R.P.C.'s gone and the compass is swinging
As on through the night the great Cat Boat is winging
Then the engines cut out and we hear angels singing;
The Cat Boats WON'T MAKE IT tonight.
Then down through the clouds on the old bank and turn
And somebody yells and there's Cairns just astern
And down on the water the landing flares burn
The Cat Boats HAVE MADE IT ~~XXXXXXXX~~ AGAIN.
We lassoo a bouy after fighting the tides
Then off into town for a quick one at HIDES;
And so ends one more of our hair-raising rides
The Cat Boats WERE FLYING LAST NIGHT.
Though dicing with death every day of our lives
We still have some time for our girl friends and wives
WHACKHO when the two-forty hourly arrives
THE CAT BOATS WILL NOT FLY TONIGHT.

MILNE BAY BLUES. (Bless 'em all)

They say there's a Hudson just leaving Milne Bay, bound for the Seven MILE
Heavily laden with terrified men who've been there a f...g long while
They're so scared and frightened and brassed off as well
Sergeants and Officers all; They haven't a notion in which f...g ocean
They'll be doing the breast stroke or crawl.

AIR BOARD LOVES US (Hymn)

Air Board loves us; 'cause the Grouper told us so
We are weak and they are strong; all P/O's to them belong
Yes, Air Board loves us, Yes Air Board loves us,
Yes, Air Board loves us; They do LIKE F.....G H..L.

SONG OF THE GREMLINS.

This is the Song of the Gremlins as told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few not many, but nevertheless it's true.

When you're seven miles up in the heavens, it's a hell of a lonely spot
And it's fifteen degrees below zero, which isn't so f.....g hot.

It's then that you see the Gremlins, and the lessons that you learnt on
Won't help you evade the Gremlins (the Link
Though you boost and you dive and you jink.

White ones will waggle your wing tips, male ones will muddle your maps,
Green ones will guzzle your glycol, and females will flutter your flaps,

Pink ones will perch on your perspex and dance pirouettes on your props,
And spherical middle aged Gremlins will spin on your stick like a top.

They'll bind and they'll break and they'll batter, and bite thru your
aileron wires.
And as you orbit to pancake, stick hot toasting forks in your tyres.

This is the Song of the Gremlins, as told by the P.R.U.
Believed by few not many, but nevertheless it's true.

"B.....T" (Nursey)

Up in Cairns flying Cats, are a cheery bunch of chaps,
They are tough, they are rough, and they terrify the Japs
They don't care, when or where, they are sent to bash the foe
From the C.O. to the airmen, they warble as they go ;:-

"Bull t, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
Bull t, who cares if Air Board makes a fuss,
We have our run but do our job as well
We won't fail them now so what the hell
So cut out Bull t, it doesn't mean a thing to us,
So Air Board "Huts to you"
And up you N.E.A., we'll go our own sweet way
We'll bash the foe and run our show, the way we always do.

Came the day, N.E.A., said "You'll have to mend your ways
You must look, in the Book, and do everything it says
Wear your hats, and your gats, as laid down in A.F.O's".
But the Cat Boys only laughed and said "We've never heard of those".

Oh, Bull t, it doesn't mean etc.....

ALLIED WORKS COUNCIL. (Old Kentucky Home)

The sun shines bright but it's mucking up the drone
The Squadron is wasting away
While princely sums are deposited back home
And the tractors make sweet music half-a-day.
The Pilots sigh and lament their lack of brains
So childish they only fly a kite
For if they'd learned tractor-driving down the lanes
They'd be better off than knowing how to fight.

So, whinge no more you b ds, this jealousy's a curse
You may shoot the Zeros down, but you won't be worth a crown,
Till you learn to drive a tractor in reverse.

BESIDE A PAPUAN WATERFALL.

Beside a Papuan waterfall one bright September day
Beside his shattered Kittyhawk a young P/O he lay
And as he hung on a coconut tree not yet completely dead
Oh listen to the very last words the young P/O he said
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
And whisky grows on coconut trees and they play poker ev'ry night
There is no work to do all day just sit around and sing
Il y beaucoup and women too, Oh death where is thy sting
Oh death where is thy sting a-ling a-ling; Oh grave thy victory
The bells of hell go ting a-ling a-ling, for you but not for me
I asked her would she marry marry me, but that's all that she could say
Was "Ting a-ling a-ling, Oh ting a-ling a-ling, Oh ting a-ling a-ling
all day".

THE OLD S.J.Y. (Home on the Range)

There are ships on the sea and they sail with safe-ty
For they fear not the raider so bold
And the sailor's heart sings as the Cat spreads her wings
Over a cargo more precious than gold.

Chorus.

High up in the sky, where they're doing the old S.J.Y.
Oh the convoy is there, but the sailors don't care
While the Cat Boat is up in the sky.

How oft throughout the night has a graceful old kite
Flown on to a dawn rendezvous
Where riding the waves over submarines' graves
Sails the convoy, just specks in the blue.

High up in the sky etc.....

Oh the hours are long but endurance is strong
Watchful eyes falter not through the flight
And the wolves of the deep, like the skunks they are, creep
Away from their prey till the night.

High up in the sky etc.....

Then the tired old plane heads for home once again
The crew are so weary and worn
But another old ship choofs along on the trip
And the convoy will see her at dawn.

High up in the sky where they're doing the old S.J.Y.
Oh the convoy is there but the sailors don't care
While the Cat Boat is up in the sky.

FAREWELL SONG TO "SEVENTY-FIVE. (Thanks for the Memory)

Thanks for the memory of every bosker night, the feeling was just right
We drank our beer in harmony and leisurely got tight
Oh thank you so much.
Thanks for the memory; Les Jackson in the chair, good fellowship was
there

We ground strafed Mr. TROUBLE, dropped 250's on old Care
How lovely it was.
Remember the songs that you taught us, and poor Angeline's rude
In your company we've a debenture (adventure)
And we want more of "Ah hates war"
Thanks for the memory of many happy days, we liked each other's ways
We drank the bottled sunshine and reflected all the rays
Oh thank you so much.

THE OLD MILK RUN (the Band Played On)

Night after night you will find us in flight on the Old Milk Run
Sunset to dawn you will find us airborne on the Old Milk Run
With strained looks on our clocks watch the old "Lordy-Box"
Believe me it isn't much fun
Thru the rain and the s..t and there's plenty of it, on the
OLD MILK RUN.

MILNE BAY (Outside)

Milne Bay a land of coconuts and a tropical mountain view
Milne Bay a land of mud and bluish where skies are never blue
Air Board they said you've had a rest so we'll send you far away
Now there'll be a bloody fight but you'll get back alright
On your way leave today Milne Bay

Departed as the Isobel Club the Pilot's pride and joy
Departed were all the boys' nights that we had at Kingaroy
We left it we left our life of ease in the bar of the old Broadway
And as someone said to me as we headed cross the sea
Where the hell what the hell Milne Bay.

We landed and then we pitched a camp in a country that was like Hyde Park
Hardships we built dispersal bays and we flew around from dawn to dark
We were Troops but soon we settled down we were there and had to stay
Then the Recos said one day "The Japs are in the Bay"
In the Bay OUR BAY MILNE BAY

Now the Army they said "The fights begun we'll beat the blood to his knees"

But Toto like a hairy ape climbed up in the coconut trees
The C.O. he said "It's time to start let's join the bloody fray"
So we shot 'em in the guts and they fell like coconuts
Yes we ~~did~~ sure we did Milne Bay
did

Now Nimmon so the General said "Could soon have been a dead marine"
But Nimmon so the General said wore a tunic of jungle green
Now the General said to Seventy-five "We look to you today"
So we shot 'em in the mud and we stained the green with blood
In the mud pools of blood Milne Bay

Now the story it has a happy end all the Japs at last were done
The C.O. and the Pilots too said the strafing there was lots of fun
But Air Board just to show they're pleased greet us with a great big smile

And they send us for a rest to the place that we love best
~~LIKE HELL BLOODY HELL FORN ISLE.~~

WHERE THE MOUNTAINS OF CAIRNS ROLL DOWN TO THE SEA

Oh Mary this Melbourne is a wonderful place
With Groupers and Generals all over the base
But the only Staff Officer Cairns ever greets
Is the one who complains of our dress on the streets.
Oh there's tons of excitement in Melbourne it's true
But it's not for the likes of me or of you
So stop your complaining you're lucky to be
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

Oh I went to the Barracks and who did I see
But a sargeant I knew and a Winkie was he
His clothes were so splendid that I must confess
Ashamed I was as we went to the mess.
There were medals and ribbons of every hue
And nobody there below a Flight-Lieut
Such cushions and comfort that ye'll never see
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea

I wandered thru Melbourne this beautiful place
And saw such contentment on every face
I listened at doors I looked in each door
'Tis certain that they never think of the war
For everyone's prosperous basking their gold
They'll be all well on aires when it's seven years old
But still for all that dear I'd much rather be
Where the mountains of Cairns roll down to the sea.

THE "WINKA" FLIES ALONE.

Everything was teed up and the Admiral had each "Heart"
And "Oak Leaf" with inscription on all ready for the start
The I.Os. haggard skeletons, had slaved from dawn to dark
Fixing up the G.G. for each bomb to find it's mark.

The crews were washing out their socks and reading up the dope
On decorations and parades, their bosoms full of hope
The Admiral at the briefing had his consciousness unstirred
It was certain the old bugger never heard a bloody word.

"Chappy" lent him a revolver which he girded round his waist
The "Winka" panned the V.A.I. and rushed him off in haste
We tore to watch the take-off and as "Addy" stepped aboard
We could hear the "Oak Leaves" tinkle and the crews' hopes really
soared.

Towny tried to take off but just couldn't make the grade
The Cat got a waterblister which just meant that home he stayed.
"Atty" found the ether but the carby had a miss
We started thinking "Xmas", What'll the Admiral think of this?"

The Winka didn't bat an eye, but took her off the drink
As mentally he vowed he'd have a "Purple Heart" or sink
When Davey couldn't leave the waves, the Winka and his crew
Began to think, instead of one "Heart" p'raps they might get two.

So now the Winka flies alone, the Adm'ral at his side
The charge is seven "Purple Hearts", three "Oak Leaves" for the ride
While those who had to stay at home in depths of woe now dive
To Bacchus welcoming us all at good old Seventy Five.

LATER.

So while the boys were quaffing froth and hops of goodly brew
And serenading "Angeline" with ribald word or two
The Winka bore the Squadron's banner far o'er foreign soil
Imagining three Cat Boats at his back all keen and loyal.

At last he reached the target and to his great surprise
Saw three black shapes a-weaving and a-sailing through the skies;
Thinking they were Cat Boats, Winka joined the circus ring
And the Jappies didn't know because someone forgot to ring.

And tell them who was coming; "Winks" arrival wasn't known
We hadn't publicised it that "The Winka flies alone"
So the "Winka" prepared for action and the "Ad" with much aplomb
Got set to do his bit and grabbed a twenty pounder bomb.

He hurled it with great gusto, a couple more besides
And vowed it was magnificent, the trip - the plum of rides
The "Winka" being gracious host, with nothing but the best,
Arranged a little shrapnel just to thrill his august guest.

To give the "Ad" his money's worth he took him down to Bowen
Then brought him back to Cairns (Which to the jetty wasn't known)
The hours ticked away but still no boat came from the shore
"I fly alone, I wait alone, who else is in this war?"

The climax of the story was the "Winkas" arranged trip
To take the "Ad" to Townsville" as a sort of farewell trip
But when it came to take-off time, the "Ad" could not be found
The "Winka" had an idea the old fox had gone to ground.

And sure enough he found him at a local grocery
Exchanging "Purple Hearts" and "Oak Leaves" for some Bushell's Tea
This got the "Winkas" mad up and his voice went up a tone
As he spoke with ringing words "Henceforth, ~~THE~~ WINKA FLIES ALONE".

HIGGINS FLIES AGAIN

Tokio's a flutter and a conference is called
The "Asia CO-prosperity" is definitely stalled
The whole world waits intent, expectant, soon to be enthralled
For Higgins flies a-gain!
Circumventing cunning plots to keep him on the ground
While Squadron Leaders try to get him certified unsound
The corpulent Richtofen hears the air-screws merry sound
And Higgins flies again!
A jest, a ribald word or two, as in his seat he sits
The engineer proceeds to put in use his pair of mitts
We humbly watch the take-Off avec envy son De Witts
As Higgins flies again!
In ecstasy of living and to while an hour or two
He gets the Cat a' stunting, tho' you may not think this true
He loops without a warning and he nearly brains the crew
As Higgins flies again!
While over at the target they are ready to retire
Little dreaming of the fate awaiting them so dire
While TUBBY'S singing "I don't want to set the world on fire"
Oh Yeah! While Higgins flies again!
The bomb-racks give a shudder and the isthal lobes descend
The runway gets a plastering from end to b....y end
They cower in their trenches and to HIROHITO send
A prayer, "NO HIGGY COME AGAIN?"
He steers her from the target then he heads the Cat for home
The second dickey takes the stick and flies her o'er the foam
While NERO steers his tubby form back aft to look at Rome
As Higgins flies again!
The crew, supremely confident, tho' throwing dice with fate
Have done "Ze job magnificent" and future "Sitreps" state:-
"Dishonorable Japansies with their Maker have a date"
But HIGGINS FLIES AGAIN!

THE V. A. I. (Hardships)

What has got one funny ~~name~~ ~~Samson~~ ~~gets~~ at least there's two?
Karsik you b.....ds, you don't know ~~a~~ V.A.I.
Superstructure is dull grey; What is it ~~name~~ you have to say?
Karsik you b.....ds, you don't know your V.A.I.
The BURWAH has a counter, or so it used to have
The CANONBAR has changed a bit, it has an outside lav.
~~THE~~ JANNSEN is..... What's that you said?
A SWIMMING SUIT? God strike me dead!
Hardships you b.....ds, you don't know your V.A.I.

THE CAT THAT COMES AROUND (The Man That Comes Around).

There are Cats that do the Milk-Run every blooming night
Looking ~~for~~ the Japs, but they won't come out and fight
Oh, the Cat Boats get the work, The B. Seventeens the ~~way~~
And the Cats start off on the Milk-Run every day.